Enough, enough, and die: that thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man, often would it ſay
The fiend the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare free & patient thoughts; but who comes here
The ſafer ſence will neare accõmodate his maiſter thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king
Edg. O thou ſide pearcing ſight. (himſelfe.

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that reſpect, ther's your preſſe money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowſe, peace, peace, this toſted cheeſe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue the word. *Edg.* Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Paſſe. *Gloſt.* I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge, and tould me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there, to ſay I and no to euery thing I ſaide, I and no toe was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out, goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Gloſt. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not the King?

Lear. I euer inch a King when I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubiect quakes, I pardon that mans life; what was thy cauſe, adultery? thou ſhalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the ſmal guilded flie doe letcher in my ſight; let copulation thriue, for *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull ſheets; toot luxurie, *pell*, *mell*, for I lacke ſouldiers: behold yon ſimpring dame whoſe face between her forkes preſageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do's ſhake the head hearing of pleaſures name; to fichew nor the ſoyled horſe goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down frõ the waſt tha're centaures though women all aboue, but to the girdle doe the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darkneſſe, ther's the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumation,

fie,

fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an
thocarie, to ſweeten my imaginatio

Gloſt. O let me kiſſe that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it firſt, it ſmels

Gloſt. O ruind peece of nature
weare out to naught, do you know

Lear. I remember thy eyes well
me; no do thy worſt blind *Cupid*,
challenge, marke the penning oft.

Gloſt. Were all the letters ſunne

Edg. I would not take this from
breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloſt*

Lear. O ho, are you there with
no mony in your purſe, your eyes
in a light, yet you ſee how this wo

Gloſt. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What art mad? a man may
no eyes, looke with thy eares, ſee
yon ſimple theefe, harke in thy ear
theefe, which is the Iuſtice, thou ha
at a begger. *Gloſt.* I ſir.

Lear. And the creature runne fr
behold the great image of authorit
thou raſcall beadle hold thy blou
that whore, ſtrip thine owne back
her in that kind for which thou wh
coſioner; through tattered raggs ſ
furd-gownes hides all, get thee gla
lititian ſeeme to ſee the things tho
my bootes, harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinenc

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fo
thee well inough thy name is *Glos*
came crying hither, thou knoweſt
aire we wayl and cry, I will preac

Goſt. Alack alack the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we
great ſtage of fooles, this a good b

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